Notebook 10, beginning of 1871

Fragment of an expanded version of *The Birth of Tragedy* written in the first weeks of 1871.

10[1]

Those who have gained an understanding of the contrasting but related worlds of the Apollonian and the Dionysian through the characterisation given so far will now go one step further and, given that point of view, comprehend *Hellenic life* in its most important manifestations as a *preparation* for the supreme expressions of those drives, for *the birth of genius.* While we must think of those drives as *forces of nature* without any connection to social, political or religious orders and customs, there is also a much more artificially and deliberately prepared, as it were, indirect revelation of those drives by the individual *genius*, about whose nature and supreme significance I must now take the liberty of speaking in a semi-mystical figurative language.

Man and *genius* are opposites in so far as the former is a work of art, but does not become conscious of this because the gratification he provides as a work of art belongs to a totally different sphere of knowledge and outlook: in this sense he is part of nature, which is nothing but a visionary reflection of the primal One. In contrast, the genius – in addition to the significance due to him as a man – also has the power, peculiar to that other sphere, to feel the ecstasy of the vision itself. If the gratification provided by dreaming man is only dimly comprehensible to the man himself, the genius is at the same time capable of deriving the highest

gratification from that condition; on the other hand he has control over that condition and is able to generate it out of himself alone. Given what we have remarked about the crucial importance of the dream for the primal One, we may regard the entire *waking* life of the individual man as a preparation for his dream; now we must add that *the entire dream life of many men* is in its turn the preparation of the *genius*. In this world of non-being, of illusion, everything must *become*: and so genius too *becomes*. It does so as that pleasure in the dream which is dimly felt by a complex of humanity, a larger individual, steadily intensifies till it reaches the level of the enjoyment peculiar to genius: a phenomenon we can visualise by the gradual rising of the sun, announced by a red dawn and a spearhead of rays. Mankind, with the whole of nature presumed to be its maternal womb, may be described in this widest sense as the continuing birth of the genius: from the immense omnipresent viewpoint of the primal One the genius is reached at every moment and the whole pyramid of illusion is perfect up to its apex. We, confined in the narrowness of our view and within the representational mechanism of time, space and causality, must be satisfied if we recognise the genius as one among many and after many men; indeed we must be happy if we have recognised him at all, which can basically only happen by chance and in many cases has certainly never happened.

The nature of the genius as a man 'not awake and only dreaming', who, as I said, is prepared and comes into being in the simultaneously awake and dreaming man, is *Apollonian* through and through: a self-evident truth, given the earlier characterisation of the Apollonian. This leads us to define the *Dionysian* genius as a man who in total self-oblivion has become one with the primal source[1] of the world, and who now creates out of the primal pain the reflection of that pain in order to redeem it: a process we have to venerate in the *saint* and the great *musician*, both of whom are only repetitions and recasts[2] of the world.

If this artistic reflection of the primal pain brings forth a second reflection, like a mock sun, we have the joint *Dionysian–Apollonian work of art*, the mystery of which we are trying to approach in this figurative language.

For the one eye of the world, before which the empirical world is poured out *together with* its reflection in the dream, that union of the Dionysian

[1] *Urgrund.*
[2] *zweite Abgüsse.*

and Apollonian therefore is an eternal and unchangeable, indeed the only, form of enjoyment: there is no Dionysian illusion without an Apollonian reflection. For our short-sighted, almost blind eye that phenomenon breaks down into isolated, partly Apollonian and partly Dionysian, enjoyments, and it is only in tragedy that we hear the voice of that supreme double art which, in its union of the Apollonian and the Dionysian, is the image of the primal enjoyment of the eye of the world. Just as, to the eye of the world, the genius is the apex of the pyramid of illusion, tragedy may be regarded as the apex of the pyramid of art accessible to our eye.

Forced as we are to understand everything in terms of becoming, i.e. as *will*, we shall now trace the *birth* of the three different kinds of genius in the world of appearance, which is the only world known to us: we shall examine the most important *preparations* the 'will' requires in order to attain them. In so doing we have every reason to conduct our demonstration with reference to the *Greek world*, which speaks to us about that process simply and expressively, as is its way.

If the genius is really the goal and ultimate purpose of nature it must now be possible to demonstrate that the other manifestations of the Hellenic character can be perceived only as necessary auxiliary mechanisms and preparations for that ultimate goal. This point of view compels us to examine the roots of some much-cited conditions of antiquity, which so far have not been discussed by any modern man with sympathy: as a result we shall find that the wonderful tree of life which was Greek art could have grown only from precisely those roots. It may be that this knowledge will make us shudder: since this shudder is one of the necessary effects of almost any deeper knowledge. For nature, even where it strives to create the greatest beauty, is something terrible. It is in accordance with this character of nature that the triumphal processions of *culture* benefit only an incredibly small minority of privileged mortals, while on the other hand the *slave labour* of the mass is necessary if art is to conceive a proper desire to come into being. We moderns have the advantage over the Greeks in two concepts strutting like peacocks, which are given, so to speak, as a comfort to a world that behaves utterly slavishly while anxiously avoiding the word 'slave': we talk about the 'dignity of man' and the 'dignity of labour'.[3] All men struggle miserably to perpetuate a

[3] See 'The Greek State', in Friedrich Nietzsche, *On the Genealogy of Morality*, ed. Keith Ansell-Pearson (Cambridge University Press, 1994), pp. 176ff.

miserable life; this terrible need coerces them into exhausting labour, at which, seduced by the 'will', they occasionally gaze in wonder as if it were something dignified. But if labour were to deserve honours and complimentary names, existence itself, for which labour is only a painful expedient, would above all else need to have somewhat more dignity than appears to any philosophies and religions that are meant to be taken seriously. What can we find in the agonising labour of all those millions other than the drive to continue to vegetate at all costs: and who does not see the same all-powerful drive in stunted plants stretching their roots into soilless rock?

From this terrible struggle for existence only those individuals can emerge who are occupied straight away with the delusions of artistic culture in order to avoid practical pessimism, a condition nature abhors to the utmost. In the modern world, which, unlike the Greek, mostly creates abnormities and centaurs, and in which man as an individual, like the fabulous creature at the beginning of Horace's *Art of Poetry*,[4] is composed of a motley collection of pieces, we often see in one and the same man the greed of the struggle for existence and that of the need for art: this unnatural fusion made it necessary to excuse and, as it were, consecrate the greed of the struggle for existence in front of the need for art, which has been accomplished through those excellent representations of the dignity of man and labour. The Greeks need no such pitiful expedients: they state squarely that labour is an indignity – not because existence is an indignity but because they feel that a man struggling for bare survival cannot possibly be an artist. In antiquity man *in need of art* rules by means of his concepts, while in modern times it is the *slave* who determines the representations: the slave who is forced by his nature to describe all his circumstances by deceptively glamorous names in order to be able to live. Phantoms such as the dignity of man or the dignity of labour are the feeble products of slavery hiding from itself. Unfortunate age, in which the slave has been tempted to think about, and beyond, himself! Unfortunate seducers who have destroyed the innocence of the slave through the fruit of the tree of knowledge! Now, merely in order to be able to live, the slaves must fob themselves off with transparent lies such as can be recognised by anybody looking deeper into 'equal rights for all', the 'fundamental rights of man' as a member of a species, or the dignity of labour. For they must

[4] Ll. 1–5.

not be allowed to understand at what point, at roughly what level, it first becomes possible to talk about 'dignity' – and the Greeks did not allow it even then – which is where the individual fully transcends himself and is no longer obliged to procreate and labour in the service of his continuing individual existence. Even at this height of 'labour' the Greeks still have the same undeceived naïveté. Even that pale epigone Plutarch[5] has enough Greek instinct in him to tell us that no nobly born youth would have the desire to become himself a Phidias if he saw Zeus in Pisa, or a Polycletus if he saw Hera in Argos: nor would he wish to become Anacreon, Philetas or Archilochus, however greatly he might relish their poems. For the Greeks artistic creation falls as much under the ignoble concept of labour as any philistine trade. But if the compelling force of the artistic drive is active in him he *must* create and submit to that hardship of labour. The Greek felt like a father who admires the beauty and talent of his child, but who thinks of the act of procreation with shame and distaste. His joyous astonishment at the beautiful did not blind him to the process of becoming, which appeared to him, as did all creation in nature, as an enormous need, as a greedy stampede to existence. The same feeling that makes the process of procreation appear as something to be hidden with shame, even though in it man serves a higher purpose than his individual preservation, the same feeling also veiled the production of great works of art, even though these inaugurate a higher form of existence, just as the act of procreation inaugurates a new generation. Thus *shame* seems really to occur where man is no longer anything but an instrument of an infinitely greater manifestation of the will than he may consider himself to be as the isolated figure of an individual that he is.

Now we have the general concept under which we must classify the Greeks' perception of slavery and labour. They regarded both as a necessary indignity, of which one is ashamed: hidden in this feeling is the unconscious knowledge that the true goal *needs* these prerequisites, but that here lies the terrible and predatory quality of nature, the sphinx presenting the torso of a beautiful girl with the intention of glorifying the artistic freedom of cultural life.[6] Culture, which I understand to be

[5] Plutarch, *Life of Pericles*, ch. 2.

[6] The sphinx had the torso of a young woman mounted on the body of a lion. She attracted young men by the beauty of her torso, and then ripped them to death with her claws. The idea here is that similarly 'nature' attracts humans by presenting a beautiful aspect (in individual works of art and the whole 'free' life of culture) but that this hides the savage and destructive reality,

mainly a true need for art, has a terrifying foundation: and it is this that reveals itself in the vague sense of shame. To supply the soil for a greater development of art, the vast majority, in the service of a minority, must be enslaved to the demands of life *beyond* their individual need. The privileged class must be freed from the struggle for existence at the expense of the majority, in order to create a new world of need. Accordingly, we must be prepared to declare that slavery, as the cruel fundamental condition of any culture, is an integral part of the essence of a culture: an insight that can give one a real fright of nature. These are the vultures gnawing at the liver of the Promethean[7] patron of art. The misery of the struggling mass must be made even greater to enable a number of Olympian men to produce the world of art. Here is the source of that badly concealed rage against the arts, but also against classical antiquity, nurtured by the communists and socialists and by their paler descendants, the white race of liberals of all times. If culture really depended on the wishes of a people, if no inescapable forces were at work here as a law and limitation to the individual, then the contempt for culture, the glorification of the poverty of the spirit, the iconoclastic destruction of the claims of art would be more than a revolt of the oppressed mass against dronelike individuals: it would be the cry of *compassion*, which would tear down the walls of culture; and the drive for justice, for an equality of suffering, would drown all other representations. In fact, an overpowering sense of compassion has now and then breached all the dams of cultural life for short periods: a rainbow of compassionate love and peace appeared with the arrival of Christianity, and under it the most beautiful fruit of Christianity, the Gospel according to St John, was born. There are also examples of how powerful religions, as it were, petrify a certain degree of culture for long periods: think of the mummy-like millennia-old culture of Egypt. But one must not forget one thing: the same cruelty that we have found in the nature of every culture is also found in the nature of every powerful religion; so that we shall understand it equally well if a culture tears down an overly high bulwark of religious demands by the call for justice. Anything

which is that inherently undignified labour and, in fact, slavery for the vast majority of humans is the precondition for the existence of culture.

[7] A member of the mythical race of 'Titans' who, violating an explicit prohibition from Zeus, stole fire and gave it to mankind. For his transgression, Zeus punished him by having him chained to a rock; each day his liver was gnawed by an eagle. He thus became a symbol of a creative benefactor of humanity, punished by the powers that be.

that wants to, i.e. has to, live in this terrible constellation of things is by its very nature an image of the primal pain and primal contradiction, and must therefore appear to our 'earth-worldly eyes'[8] as will, as an insatiable greed for existence. Therefore we may compare culture in its glory to a victor in his triumphal procession, dripping with blood and dragging behind him his defeated enemies tied to his chariot as slaves; whose eyes have been blinded by a charitable power, so that, almost crushed by the wheels of the chariot, they still cry 'dignity of labour! dignity of man!'

Modern man is used to a very different, pampered way of looking at things. That is why he is eternally dissatisfied, because, rather than ever daring to entrust himself fully to the terrible ice-ridden river of existence, he runs anxiously up and down the bank. The modern age, with its 'rupture', must be understood as an age that shrinks from all consequences: it wants nothing *completely*, completely even with all the natural cruelty of things. The dance of its thoughts and actions is truly ridiculous because, full of longing, it constantly pounces on new shapes in order to embrace them, but is forced suddenly to let them go with a shudder, like Mephistopheles with the seductive lamias.[9] The tremendous social crises of the present are born from the pampering of modern men: as their entirely natural antidote I venture to recommend *slavery*, if necessary under a more moderate name; slavery, which in no way seemed repugnant, let alone reprehensible, either to original Christianity or to the old Germanic world. To say nothing of the Greek slaves: what an uplifting effect observing the medieval serf has on us, in his inwardly strong and delicate legal and moral relationship with the higher orders, in the profound and poetic limitation of his narrow existence. How uplifting – and how reproachful!

Those who cannot think about the configuration of *society* without melancholy, those who have learnt to understand society as the continuous painful birth of those exempt men of culture in whose service everything else must be consumed, will no longer be deceived by the false glamour the moderns have spread over the origin and significance of the *state*. For what can the state signify to us if not the means by which the social process just described can be activated and guaranteed to continue without hindrance? However strong the drive for sociability may be in

[8] Goethe, *Faust Part II*, l. 1907.
[9] Ibid. ll. 7769–84.

the individuals, only the iron clamp of the state forces the mass together, so that the chemical decomposition of society, with its new pyramidal structure, *must* take place. But what is the source of this sudden power of the state, which has a goal far beyond the knowledge, and even the selfishness, of the individual? How did the slave, the blind mole of culture, come into being? The Greeks have revealed it to us in their instinct for the laws governing the relations between peoples, an instinct whose iron voice, even in the most mature fullness of their morality and humanity, never ceased to utter words such as: 'The vanquished, with his wife and child, his worldly goods and his lifeblood, belongs to the victor. Violence comes first; and there is no right that is not founded on violence.'

So we see the pitiless rigidity with which nature forges for itself the cruel tools of the state it needs to achieve society: those iron-handed conquerors who are nothing but the objectivations of the instincts described above. Faced with their indefinable greatness and power, the beholder feels that they are solely the instruments of a purpose that manifests itself in them and yet hides from them. As if a magic will radiated from them, the weaker forces join them and are miraculously transformed under the sudden swell of that avalanche of violence, the spell of that creative core, and acquire an unprecedented affinity.

If we see how little the subjects worry about the terrifying origin of the state, so that basically there are no events of any kind about which world history gives us worse information than about the way those violent, bloody and almost always inexplicable usurpations come to pass; if, rather, hearts are involuntarily drawn to the magic of the state, sensing an invisibly deep purpose, where the calculating intellect can only see an addition of forces; if the state is even revered as the goal and peak of the individual's sacrifices and duties: then all this proclaims the tremendous necessity of the state, without which nature would not be able to achieve, through society, its redemption in illusion, in the mirror of the genius. What knowledge is not overcome by the instinctive delight in the state! One would think that whoever took a glimpse into the origin of the state would henceforth seek his salvation only at a fearful distance from it: and where does one not see the monuments of that origin, ravaged countries, destroyed cities, brutalised people, consuming hatred of nations! The state, of ignominious birth, for the vast majority a continually gushing source of hardship, in frequently recurring periods the voracious torch of mankind – and yet a sound that makes us forget ourselves, a battle

cry that has inspired countless truly heroic deeds, perhaps the supreme and most venerable object for the blind and selfish mass, which has the strange expression of greatness on its face only at the awesome moments of the life of the state!

Because their art represents the unique zenith of human achievement we must construe the Greeks, a priori, as 'political men *par excellence*'; and really history knows no second example of such a terrible unleashing of the political drive, of such an absolute sacrifice of all other interests in the service of this state instinct: we might at most honour the men of the Italian Renaissance with the same title by way of comparison and for similar reasons. The political drive is so overloaded among the Greeks that it continually begins to rage against itself and to sink its teeth into its own flesh. The bloody jealousy of city against city, party against party, the murderous greed of those small wars, the tigerish triumph over the body of the slain enemy, in short, the ceaseless renewal of those Trojan scenes of battle and atrocity that Homer, as a typical Hellene, watches with profound relish[10] – what does this naïve barbarism of the Greek state point to, where does it find its excuse before the tribunal of eternal justice? Proud and composed, the state steps before this tribunal, leading by the hand the gloriously vital woman, Greek *society*. It was for this Helen and her children that it waged those wars: what judge could condemn it?[11]

Given this mysterious connection that we surmise to exist between the state and art, political greed and artistic creation, battlefield and work of art, we understand by the state only the iron clamp that enforces the social process, as has been said before; while without the state, in the natural *bellum omnium contra omnes*,[12] society is totally unable to strike roots on a larger scale and beyond the bounds of the family. Now that states have developed everywhere, the drive of the *bellum omnium contra omnes* is concentrated in the terrible tempest of war between peoples and

[10] Toward the end of Homer's *Iliad* (Book XXII) Achilles finally kills the Trojan warrior Hector, stabbing him in the throat with his spear, but Homer adds that the spear did not cut the windpipe, so Hector, although lying on the ground dying could still speak (ll. 324–30) and ask Achilles to give his body back to his parents for proper burial (ll. 338–43). Achilles replies that he intends to leave his body for the dogs and birds to eat, and is only sorry he doesn't have the appetite to cut it up and eat it raw (ll. 346–7). Achilles then pierces Hector's tendons, ties him to the back of his chariot, so that his head drags on the ground, and drives about dragging the body behind him for twelve days (ll. 395–400).

[11] *Iliad*, Book III, ll. 146ff.

[12] war of all against all. A description of the state of nature before the institution of political authority. See Thomas Hobbes, *De Cive* 1.12 and *Leviathan*, ch. xiii.

discharges itself, as it were, in less frequent but all the more violent blows. However, in the intervals society finds time to internalise the condensed effect of that *bellum* and to germinate and sprout everywhere in order to allow the luminous flowers of the genius to spring up as soon as there are a few warmer days.

With the political world of the Hellenes in mind, I do not want to conceal those phenomena of the present in which I recognise some dangerous atrophies of the political sphere that are equally alarming for art and society. If there should be any men who are placed, as it were, by birth outside the instincts of the people and the state, and who therefore need to accept the state only to the extent of their own interest, such men will necessarily imagine that the ultimate goal of the state is, as far as possible, the peaceful coexistence of great political communities in which they would be allowed to pursue their own intentions without restriction and before all others. With this idea in their heads they will promote whatever policy offers the greatest security to these intentions, while it is unthinkable that they would sacrifice themselves to the tendency of the state, against their own intentions, for instance under the guidance of an unconscious instinct: unthinkable because they lack precisely that instinct. All the other citizens of the state are in the dark about what nature with its state instinct intends for them, and they blindly obey. Only those who stand outside that instinct know what *they* want from the state and what the state should grant them. Therefore it is downright unavoidable for such men to gain a great influence over the state, because they are entitled to regard the state as a *means*, while all the others, subject to the power of the unconscious intentions of the state, are themselves only means to the state's ends. If they are to use the state as an instrument to further their selfish goals to the utmost, the state needs above all to be totally freed from the terribly unpredictable convulsions of war, so that it can be used rationally; therefore they strive, as consciously as possible, for a condition in which war is an impossibility. For that purpose they first try, as far as possible, to prune and weaken the drives for independent political action and to make the favourable outcome of a war of aggression, and thus of any war, most improbable through the creation of large, *evenly matched* states and mutual guarantees between them. At the same time they seek to wrest the question of war and peace from the decision of individual rulers, so that they can themselves appeal to the selfishness of the mass or its representatives: for which, in turn, they must slowly dissolve the

monarchic instincts of the peoples. They achieve this objective through the most universal dissemination of liberal optimism, an outlook rooted in the teachings of the French Enlightenment and the French Revolution, i.e. in a totally un-Germanic, flat philosophy of a *genuinely Latin* kind. In the currently dominant nationalist movements and the simultaneous spread of universal suffrage I cannot help seeing primarily the effects of the fear of war, and behind these movements those who are most afraid, the truly international, homeless, money hermits who, with their natural lack of the state instinct, have learnt to misuse politics as an instrument of the stock exchange and both the state and society as mechanisms for their own enrichment. The only remedy against the diversion of the tendency towards the state into the tendency towards money, which is to be feared from this quarter, is war and war again: at least the excitements of war show that the state is not an institution founded on fear of the war demon and designed to protect selfish individuals, but that in the love of the fatherland and the prince it brings forth an ethical impulse which indicates a much higher purpose. Therefore, if I describe the use of revolutionary ideas in the service of a selfish, stateless, money aristocracy as a dangerous characteristic of the political present; if I understand the enormous spread of liberal optimism as the result of modern finance fallen into strange hands, and if at the same time I consider all the evils of the social condition, including the unavoidable decay of the arts, as having germinated from that root or grown together with it: then I will have to be excused for occasionally striking up a paean to *war.* His silver bow clangs horribly: and even if he comes like the night, he is still Apollo,[13] the fitting god for consecrating and purifying the state. But first, as we are told at the beginning of the *Iliad*, he aims his arrow at the mules and dogs. Then he hits the men and everywhere the pyres burn with bodies. Let me therefore say clearly that war is just as necessary for the state as the slave is for society: and who could shirk this knowledge if he asks himself honestly about the reasons for the unequalled perfection of Greek art?

If we consider war and its uniformed possibility, the estate of soldiers, in relation to the nature of the state as described so far, we must conclude

[13] *Iliad*, Book 1, ll. 43–52. Apollo is a god strongly associated with the sun and with various forms of purification and healing (see above Notebook 3, footnote 10, p. 20). It is thus very striking that the first glimpse we have of him is as the cause of a plague, and that Homer, employing the first simile in European literature, describes him as descending 'like night' (l. 47).

that war and the soldier class show us an image, perhaps even the archetype, of the state. We see here, as the most common effect of the tendency towards war, an immediate decomposition and division of the chaotic mass into military castes, from which the structure of 'warlike society' rises in the form of a pyramid with the broadest possible slavish base. The unconscious purpose of the whole movement forces every individual under its yoke, producing, even in heterogeneous natures, so to speak, a chemical transformation of their properties, until they are brought into affinity with this purpose. In the highest castes one has a somewhat stronger sense of what this internal process is basically about, namely the production of the military genius – whom we came to know as the original founder of states. The imprint of that fundamental idea of the state, the production of the military genius, can be seen in many states, e.g. in the Lycurgan constitution of Sparta.[14] If we imagine the military primal state in its liveliest activity, its actual 'labour', and if we visualise the entire technique of war, then we cannot help correcting our concepts of the 'dignity of labour' and the 'dignity of man', soaked up from everywhere, by asking whether the concept of 'dignity' also applies to a labour designed to destroy 'dignified' men or to a man entrusted with that 'dignified labour'; or whether such a self-contradictory concept does not cancel itself out in this warlike task of the state. I would have thought that the warlike man is an instrument of the military genius and his labour likewise only an instrument of that same genius. Therefore he deserves a degree of dignity, not as an absolute man and non-genius, but as an instrument of the genius – who may also choose his destruction as an instrument of the craft of war – that is, the dignity of being recognised as an instrument of the genius. But what is shown here by one example is valid in general: every man, with all his activity, has dignity only in so far as he is a conscious or unconscious tool of the genius. From this we may immediately deduce the ethical consequence that 'man-in-himself', absolute man, has neither dignity nor rights nor duties. Only as a totally determined being serving unconscious purposes can man excuse his existence.

According to these reflections, Plato's perfect state[15] is certainly something greater than even the serious-minded among his followers believe, not to mention the smirking contempt with which our 'historically'

[14] For a brief, elementary discussion of the 'Lycurgan constitution' see ch. 5 of W. G. Forrest, *The Emergence of Greek Democracy 800–400 BC* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1966).

[15] See Plato, *Republic*, Books II–V.

educated contemporaries dismiss such a fruit of antiquity. Here the true purpose of the state, the Olympian existence and constantly renewed procreation of the genius, in relation to which all other men are merely preparatory instruments, is found by a poetic intuition: Plato saw through the terribly devastated herm of the life of the state in his time, and still perceived something divine in its interior.[16] He believed that this divine quality could be taken out and that the grim and barbarously deformed exterior was not part of the essence of the state; the whole fervour of his political passion was fuelled by that desire. That he did not place the genius in the most general sense at the head of his perfect state, but included only the genius of wisdom in the highest rank while excluding the artistic geniuses altogether from his state, was a rigid consequence of the Socratic judgement about art, which Plato made his own in his struggle against himself, and which will be examined more closely shortly. This rather external and almost accidental gap must on no account be counted among the main features of the Platonic state.

Just as Plato brought to light the innermost purpose of the state from behind all its disguises and opacities, so he also understood the most profound reason for the attitude of *Hellenic woman* to the state: in both cases he saw in what existed around him an image of the ideas revealed to him, beside which the real was only a picture of mists and and a play of shadows. Those who follow the common habit of regarding the position of Hellenic woman as altogether undignified and distasteful to humanity must level the same reproach against the Platonic conception of this position: for Plato, as it were, merely describes what exists in a more logically precise manner. Here we must reiterate our question: may there not be a *necessary* connection between the nature and position of Hellenic woman and the goals of the Hellenic will?

The most important thing that Plato as a Greek could say about the position of woman in relation to the state was the highly offensive demand that in the perfect state the *family* must *cease*. If we ignore how, in order to carry out this demand in a pure form, he even abolished marriage, putting in its place some solemn, state-ordained[17]...

[16] See Thucydides, *The Histories* VI.27ff. and Plato, *Symposium* 221d1–222a6.
[17] Plato, *Republic* 458b–461e.